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MISS CLARA WOLLASTON and Mr VICTOR ROMILLY
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"O LADY, LEAVE THY SILKEN THREAD." New
Song by IGNECE GIBBONE (poetry by TOM HOOD). Price 4s.—London:
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taste and feeling. Compass, E to F."—*The Queen.*

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I KNOW NOT YET .. price 4/-

(Words by G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.)

OVERLEAF .. price 4/-

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

THE PLAYERS IN WYCH STREET.

(Continued from page 36.)

On the commencement of the next winter season,—Saturday, 1st of October—Mr Cockerton—afterwards connected with the City of London Theatre—had become lessee, and retained Vining in his former capacity of stage-director. Hartland was the most prominent member of the new company, but Wilkinson and Mrs Waylett were added, a little later on, as well as a new pantomimist styled in the bills, “The Young German,” and who formed an attractive feature in *Philip Quarll* and other *ballets-d'action*. Hartland was of course clown, in the pantomime of *Harlequin and Golden Eyes*, or *The Goblin Wood*, Mrs Searle, the well-known ballet-mistress, being the columbine. Vining acted frequently, and Mr S. H. Chapman appeared in *The Innkeeper of Abberville* during the third week in January, 1826.

On Monday, the 27th of February, in this year, the property was sold by Elliston's mortgagees to Mr Scott, late of the Adelphi Theatre, for the sum of 4,860 guineas. The new proprietor opened it in the ensuing November under his own direction, with M. Leclercq as stage-manager. Vale, J. Jones, Leclercq and his wife, were the principals of the new company, but the performances seem to have had no special attraction. The title of the pantomime was *Æsop and his Fables*, with Henry Beverley as clown. The season lasted till Saturday, the 7th of April, 1827. For the next one, which began towards the end of October, the two Leclercqs, and Mr Gomersal were engaged as leading performers, and in the melodrama, *The Wild Bohemian*, Mr T. W. Mathews, from the Richmond, Bristol, and Brighton Theatres, made his first appearance. There was the usual pantomime at Christmas, with the title, *Harlequin Demon*, or *The Moonlight Enchantress*. Gomersal and Mrs Henry Beverley were the “stars” of an indifferent company, during the winter of 1828, and Ridgway was the clown, at Christmas, in the pantomime of *The Enchanters*, which proved quite successful. On Monday, the 23rd of November, 1829, Mr George Wild, a low comedian of much talent, became lessee, opening with the nautical drama of *The Pilot*,—by Mr E. FitzBall—in which he played the part of “Boroughcliffe,” to the “Long Tom Coffin” of Mr Gann. Cony, in his day an actor of no little repute at the minor theatres, was engaged early in December to act “Landry” in the old Covent Garden melodrama, *The Dog of Montargis*. The result of the new management, however, was disastrous, and, by the beginning of the new year, poor Mr Wild's speculation had landed him in the Marshalsea prison, leaving the unfortunate little theatre once more without a tenant.

It would be difficult to imagine a position more deplorable than that of the Olympic, in the early winter months of 1830. The locality—a narrow, dirty, and by no means reputable, side-street—had always been a strong point in its disfavour. The house had long been closed, and an uninterrupted series of managerial misfortunes had thrown it altogether out of credit in the theatrical market. But the truth of the old saying as to the darkest hour being always the one before the dawn, was once again to find a striking exemplification in the subsequent fate of this theatre. It chanced that Mme Vestris—who by a most happy combination of vocal, histrionic, and personal qualifications, which have never been exactly reproduced in the instance of any other actress since her day, occupied an unique position on the London boards—owing to the expiration of her term at Drury Lane, and to the difficulty of coming to an understanding with the managers of either that house or Covent Garden, suddenly found herself without an engagement. She consequently hit upon the expedient of setting up in management for herself. The proprietors of the Olympic were only too rejoiced to close with so advantageous a tenant, and forthwith Vestris entered into possession. Her period of preparation was of the briefest, for it was already close upon Christmas, yet in a short time she had cleaned and brightened up the house, and had collected a company including Messrs J. Brougham, J. Cooper, Raymond, Worrell, Knight, Mrs Glover, Miss Foote—so fascinating in sentimental comedy—Miss Sydney, Miss Pincott—afterwards Mrs Alfred Wigan—and Miss Fitzwalter. Mr W. Vining was appointed to the post of stage-manager, and Planché, when appealed to, was luckily at hand to furnish up—in conjunction with another author of mark, Mr Charles Dance—a long rejected burlesque on the mythological subject of *Prometheus and Pandora*, under the locally-appropriate

title of *Olympic Revels*. And then, all being in readiness, the new lessee opened her doors to the public on Monday the 3rd of January—her* birthday—1831. The crowd both inside and outside the theatre, on the first night, was tremendous, and the excitement in favour of the new enterprise something quite unprecedented at the time. Vestris met with an enthusiastic reception on coming forward to deliver an opening address, written by Mr John Hamilton Reynolds, and which—as given in *Planché's Recollections*—we subjoin:—

“Noble and gentle—Matrons—Patrons—Friends!

Before you here a venturesome woman bends!

A warrior woman—that in strife embarks,

The first of all dramatic Joan of Arcs,

Cheer on the enterprise thus dared by me!

The first that ever led a company!

What though, until this very hour and age,

A lessee-lady never owned a stage!

I'm that *Belle-Sauvage*—only rather quieter,

Like Mrs Nelson† turned a stage-proprietor!

Welcome each early, and each late arriver—

This is my omnibus, and I'm the driver!

Sure is my venture, for all honest folk,

Who love a tune or can enjoy a joke,

Will know, when'er they have an hour of leisure,

Wych Street is best to come to for their pleasure.

The laughter and the lamps, with equal share,

Shall make this house a *light-house* against care.

This is our home! 'Tis yours as well as mine;

Here Joy may pay her homage at Mirth's shrine;

Song, Whim, and Fancy jocund revels shall dance,

And lure for you the light Vaudeville from France.

Humour and Wit encourage my intent,

And music means to help to pay my rent.

'Tis not mere promise—I appeal to facts;

Henceforward judge me only by my acts!

In this, my purpose, stand I not alone—

All women sigh for houses of their own,

And I was weary of perpetual dodging

From house to house, in search of board and lodging!

Faint was my heart, but, with Pandora's scope,

I find in every box a lurking hope:

My dancing spirits know of no decline,

Here's the first tier you've ever seen of mine.

Oh my kind friends! befriend me still, as you

Have in the bygone times been wont to do;

Make me your ward against each ill-designer,

And prove Lord-Chancellor to a female-minor.

Cheer on my comrades, too, in their career,

Some of your favourites are around me here;

Give them—give me—the smiles of approbation

In this Olympic Game of Speculation.

Still aid the petticoat on old kind principles,

And make me yet a Captain of *Invincibles*.”‡

The performance which followed this happily-pointed preface, consisted of a drama—or burletta—*Mary Queen of Scots*; another, *The Little Jockey*; in both of which Miss Foote sustained a leading part; *Clarissa Harlowe*, with Mrs Glover, a powerful, but—it must be owned—a somewhat mature representative of Richardson's most hapless heroine; and the previously mentioned burlesque-burletta, *Olympic Revels*, or *Prometheus and Pandora*. Time, and motives of managerial prudence, had precluded any great outlay in the way of scenic illustration, in the case of the new burlesque, but at the suggestion of Planché—though in direct opposition to the opinion of Liston and of some of the performers—Mme Vestris made the experiment of dressing the characters—for the first time in pieces of this calibre—in classical costume, and the effect was not only strikingly picturesque, but greatly enhanced the absurdity of the situations throughout. The entire result in fact was most happy, and *Olympic Revels*

* Eliza Luey Bartolozzi, daughter of G. S. Bartolozzi, engraver, and grand-daughter of the much more famous engraver, Francesco Bartolozzi, was born in Dean Street, Soho, on the 3rd of January, 1797, and was married at St Martin-in-the-Fields on the 28th of January, 1813, to the dancer Vestris, who died in 1823. She was re-married at Kensington Church on the 18th of July, 1838, to Charles James Mathews, and died at Fulham on Friday the 8th of August, 1856.

† Well known to coaching men of that day.

‡ *The Invincibles* was a musical farce by Morton, in which Vestris had made a great hit at Covent Garden.

carried the first season triumphantly through to its close on Saturday the 26th of March, leaving a profit, it was said, of three thousand pounds in the theatrical treasury. The other features of the season were the *début*, soon after the opening, of Miss Sidney, a pretty and clever young actress, in a slight vaudeville, entitled *A Chaste Salute*; that of Mr Spagnoletti, a singer of promise from the Academy of Music; and the engagement of Mrs Edwin, who appeared in *My Great Aunt*. The last, and most important of all, was the termination of the performances at eleven o'clock, in lieu of the customary hour—prevailing in all theatres at that period—midnight. This, Planché tell us, was the result of an accident. It happened that one night at the end of January, Miss Foote was, for some reason or other, unable to perform, and the last piece, *Mary Queen of Scots*, had to be omitted. Planché, on leaving the house, heard so many expressions of satisfaction amongst the audience, at the early hour of closing, that he mentioned the circumstance on the following day to the manageress, who with her usual tact at once determined to adopt the plan in perpetuity.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

(Continued from page 44.)

CHAPPELL & Co.

Messrs Chappell & Co. present novelties which at any time would be deemed acceptable, but being appropriate to the present season of the year are doubly welcome. The Christmas number of the *Musical Magazine* contains dance music even more attractive than that usually included in the selection. Each of the ten numbers gives pleasant occupation to the player, while the engaging strains that appeal to devotees of the dance have the advantage that skilful treatment affords. In Bualossi's "Mon Amour Waltz," the leading theme, relieved by vigorous passages, is particularly graceful; and as the same character is observed in Luke Wheeler's "Daisy Valse," a somewhat similar result is attained; while in Johann Strauss' "Kuss Waltzer" a greater variety is called into requisition with a corresponding effect. Bright tune is found in the "Mother Hubbard Polka," by Caroline Lowthian, and the practised hand of Charles D'Albert is recognized in a galop and a polka on themes from *Rip Van Winkle*. Mr C. Coote has called upon old English ditties, such as "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" and "The Vicar of Bray," to furnish materials for the "Old London Lancers." Music so varied will doubtless cause the Christmas number to be in general request during the coming festivities. From amongst the many dance compositions which are published by Messrs Chappell in a separate form, with illustrated frontispieces, attention is called to Luke Wheeler's "Toi Seule" as much for the suggestiveness of its chief melody as the unobtrusive workmanship prominent in the introduction. Should, however, a composition of a still easier kind be required by the performer, Miss Caroline Lowthian's "Fahrwohl" will supply strains free and flowing. For several reasons Delbruck's polka, "Le Zephyr," will be selected by those engaging in that characteristic dance; yet the firm beat in the music of "Black and Tan" (C. Lowthian) may lead others to prefer it; but all dancing to "Sea Breeze" (L. Wheeler) will acknowledge the vigour of its themes.

Amateurs desirous of descriptive music for the pianoforte will not pass by "Summer Waves" (Jules de Sivrai). Although the subject, being a favourite one with composers big and little, is so much hackneyed, the author of this caprice has managed, without departing from the common method of depicting tiny waves sparkling in sunshine, to illustrate, by the use of *arpeggios* springing from a simple melody, the words of Mr Clarke that he took for his text. A very different kind of thing is "A Hunting Scene," by P. Bualossi, who has attempted to describe incidents of a fox hunt from the saddling of horses to the return of huntsmen carolling the old English ditty, "A-hunting we will go," the melody of which he makes the central subject of his work. He has in a certain way succeeded in the task by using the very simplest means. If there is no tone-painting in the "scene," there is a deal of rollicking tune, and any young player, one not very far advanced in music lessons, will be able in performing the piece, to call up visions of the jolly sport in the minds of listeners sitting round the fireside on a winter's night. Of the songs now issued, "Safe there to rest," by Alberto Randegger, appeals not only to the musician but also to every lover of beauty more strongly than most of its fellows. To the former by its construction, modulations, and form; to the latter by the gentle force of a melody laden with the sentiment of the erotic stanzas. The tinge of sadness in Mrs Lynedoch Moncrieff's "O, rippling tide" conveys an impression of earnestness quite consistent with the grace

which distinguishes the well written song. The composer of "Bid me good-bye and go" (Paolo Tosti) has imparted to the upbraiding words of Mr Weatherly as much asperity and no more than is requisite to make it consistent and palatable. Had he taken the same view of the subject as the writer of the lines, the "good-bye" would have been uttered in a passionate *fortissimo*; but by setting the phrase in a gentle manner he indicates in a subtle way that the dismissal of the lover is by no means to be understood as final. Both Sig. Tosti and Mr Weatherly are more successful in the eloquent and affecting song entitled "Mother." The touching accents of the child addressing the forsaken parent are faithfully expressed by the musician, without the least sign of hyper-sentiment. In the song "My Trust" (Isidore de Lara) there is, on the contrary, some slight evidence of striving for effect; a characteristic absent, however, in "By-gone time," by the same author.

CRAMER & Co.

Messrs J. B. Cramer & Co. publish, with many another attractive work, the sacred song "Jerusalem," recently composed by Mr Henry Parker. This welcome effusion of a clever writer will, doubtless, become popular, for it has many of the elements which secure ready acceptance, being tuneful, well-written, and, above all, characteristic. Although the author cannot in this instance be credited with constructive originality, he has, for all that, worked upon a plan marked with variety. The opening recitative leads into a melody set in the minor mode, which is followed in each of the two stanzas by a kindred theme in the major. An advantage is gained by affording opportunities for the expansion of the accompaniments. To the pianoforte may be added the organ, a harmonium, and the harp, with chorus *ad libitum*, repeating in unison the last strain of the solo part. Upon a similar plan Mr Odoardo Barri has put to music some well-written lines, "The Beauteous Song," by Lindsay Lennox. The recitative tells of a weary wanderer returning to his native village to die; as he approaches the church he hears choristers singing "Come unto Me." These sacred words are adapted to the brief tune which forms the burthen of the song. Accompaniments are again provided by parts written for the organ or harmonium, but they and all other arrangements in the scheme do not lift the composition, pleasant though it be, from the level of the sentimental outpourings so largely patronised in our day. Mr Odoardo Barri has been far more successful in giving musical expression to Mr F. Weatherly's merry little song, "The Shilling," wherein the happiness of Nancy hangs upon Jack's fidelity in holding possession, in spite of all temptations, of this lucky coin of the realm given for a keepsake. The versifier has related the simple incidents in a way that smacks of the tar; one could not but sympathize with the writer that necessities of rhyme restrained him from acknowledging any other port in the kingdom than Dover. Mr Barri, entering thoroughly into the humour and spirit of the lines, has done even more than his share towards making the ditty popular. In recounting the sorrows of a gentle heart broken by unrequited love Mr D'Arcy Jaxone has, in "Love's Legacy," shown tender fancy as well as technical skill. Verses embodying these qualities have stimulated the composer (Mr Stuart Crook) to the production of music with something like corresponding attributes. Originality could not be claimed for Mr Crook's melody, but its unconstrained accents are certainly very agreeable. Another recommendation that "Love's Legacy" presents is freedom from the waltz-refrain that throws its sickly taint over so much of the vocal music written for the passing hour. We by no means object to waltz tunes in their proper place. If we did, the waltzes now published by Messrs Cramer would force us to reverse our judgment. Only one thing is necessary for a just appreciation of these compositions, and that is a capacity for terpsichorean pleasures. The happy possessor of this faculty has no difficulty in perceiving the merits of each particular waltz tune. "Maiden Dreams" (Ernest Bualossi) will be prized for the spirit of its themes; "La Salutation" (Louis d'Egville), for its uninterrupted rhythm; "Coryphée" (Richard Duggan), for simplicity; "Ethel" (Edgar de Valency), for tunefulness; and "Cérise" (Charles Deacon), for the *cantabile* set to words for singing. The "Dance Album" issued by this firm contains waltzes by C. Lowthian and Hamilton Evans; a quadrille, "La Fille du Tambour Major," by Arban; a galop from the same work by Josef Meissler; a polka by E. Boggetti; and a singing quadrille, arranged for children's voices, by Rudolf Herzen.

ROBERT COCKS & Co.

Besides new vocal and pianoforte music, Messrs Robert Cocks & Co. present to the public a small pamphlet in a cheap form called *Musical Facts*, by A. M. Browne. Written in the style of a catechism, and intended for the use of candidates for musical examinations, it conveys valuable hints to the student, and reminds musicians of things which are apt to slip out of memory. That the unpretending work needs revision is evident from the erroneous statement at page 8, wherein it is said that the French composers Lulli and

Rameau "lived in the sixteenth century." We seldom meet in song literature with words more touching in sentiment or with incidents more artistically recited than Jean Ingelow's "The Song of a Boat," set to music by Alice Barton. Nor are the verses "Listen," by Miss Mary Mark-Lemon, without merit of a similar kind. In trying to catch the simple form of the authoress, the composer, Mr A. H. Behrend, has fallen into a method of dryness and squareness in arranging the sections of his melody. Ciro Pinsuti did not give full reins to the faculty of tunefulness, which he generally brings to his tasks, when he wrote the music to "Estelle." Instead of expressive phrases we have perfunctory work. We esteem Signor Pinsuti too highly to pass over with easy acquiescence any falling short of the standard he himself has taught us to fix. Messrs Cocks seem to avoid to a great extent the dreary, sentimental style of composition; and Mr Cotsford Dick is just the writer for the supply of merry themes. Of such a nature is his ditty, "I mean to wait for Jack." The quaintness and spirit of the words are intensified by the accents of the sprightly tune. Another cheerful ballad, "Please Yourself" (G. Adelmann), which tells of lovers' tiffs with "a kiss and make it up again," is evidently meant as an agreeable variation of the coming mistletoe rites. Then the pianoforte music now issued by Messrs Cocks is mostly of a merry kind. Hugh Clendon's "Amarillis" is properly named a "Danse joyeuse," for every bar in it is light and gay; and Cotsford Dick's "Il bolero" is blithe enough—why it should be designated Spanish is a mystery, as there is nothing about it to call to mind the stately Spaniard except the title. Although we are told Louis H. Meyer's "Clinquant" is a "moreau poétique" we can scarcely credit the statement, as the strains are for the most part jubilant. Whether sad or joyous the perennial airs from Wallace's *Maritana* are welcome as arranged à quatre mains by Mr. G. F. West.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.

Messrs Duncan Davison & Co. have prepared for the ballad-loving public a full supply of themes. The Irish ditty, "Thady and I," (Richard Harvey) allures by artlessness and tunefulness, and if sung by either amateur or professional in accordance with the directions, perhaps too plentifully laid down by the composer, it will surely prove engaging. Although becoming diffidence is manifested by Mr Walter Hay in undertaking to set Hood's exquisite lines, "There is Dew for the Flow'et," nevertheless there is more than sufficient merit in the musician's work to warrant him in laying the poet's genius under contribution. The same might be said of Mr Hay's music, a part song with baritone solo, to Longfellow's "Beware," a subject that other composers have previously laid hands upon. Kücen's music, "An Eventide Duet," to words by Mr Wellington Guernsey, will, for its flowing rhythm, be held in request wherever two voices of kindred quality can be found to join in simple harmonies. A romance, "In Midnight Sleep" (Emile Rosati), is distinguished by a certain gracefulness, the effect of which in the second verse is marred by what evidently must be a mistake in the words. Mr William A. Jewson's agreeable fancy has been exercised upon a "Gavotte," for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniments, a work written for that talented violinist, Mdme Dunbar Perkins. Another gavotte, "Murielle," by Mr Whewall Bowling, and a "Valse de Concert," by Mr Brownlow Baker, both for the pianoforte, are entertaining bagatelles.—L. T.

MINNIE HAUKE has been invited by the "General Intendant" of the Royal Opera House, Berlin, to sing there her favourite parts during April. She will appear in *Mignon*, *Faust*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Daughter of the Regiment*, and last, but in this instance certainly not least, in *Carmen*. Minnie is now singing in Switzerland. *The Züricher Zeitung* of Jan. 17 says: "For the performance of *Carmen* the ticket office had to be closed two hours after the opening of the sale, every ticket, including those of the fourth gallery, having been sold. Hundreds were turned away at the doors."

MR BARTON MCGUCKIN IN MASSENET'S OPERA, "MANON."—Another figure which stands conspicuously out is—says *The Liverpool Courier*—the Chevalier des Grieux as represented by Mr Barton McGuckin. This distinctly able performance will establish this fine tenor vocalist and accomplished musician among the foremost exponents of the lyric drama. The music of the part is exceedingly exacting, but his magnificent vocal capacity made him thoroughly equal to its most satisfactory rendering, while his acting showed a dramatic talent, finish, and power of the highest order. His acting and vocalization in the church scene in the duet with Mdme Roze indicated a power, realism, artistic culture, and pathos which produced comparisons with Mario in his best days. Yet, strange to say, it is rumoured that when this fine part was first offered to Mr McGuckin he seriously hesitated before accepting it.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Special interest was given to Wednesday's ballad concert at St James's Hall by the fact that the first part of the programme was exclusively devoted to the songs of Sir Arthur Sullivan, many of which have been popular favourites for a long time. Without touching the deeper issues of thought and passion with which some modern composers love to deal, Sir Arthur Sullivan contrives to be melodious and pleasing, and even in his most popular ballads there is generally something which betrays the hand of the skilled musician. As an artistic conception, the setting of Shakspeare's "Where the bee sucks," an early work, is one of its composer's most successful efforts. It was sung on Wednesday afternoon by Miss Agnes Larkcom, who deserves credit for the choice. Mdme Antoinette Sterling was very successful with "Sleep, my love, sleep," and even more with "The Lost Chord," which she has made specially her own. Mdme Trebelli gave due emphasis to "Looking back," and Mr Santley sang with genuine humour the "Vicar's Song," from *The Sorcerer*. The second part of the concert consisted of a miscellaneous selection of the usual kind.—Times.

LUIGI ARDITI.

Sig. Arditì, conductor of Colonel Mapleson's opera company, is evidently appreciated by Mdme Patti and Mdme Scalchi. Both have made him elegant presents. Mdme Patti presented him on New Year's day with three shirt studs, a diamond, ruby, and emerald, constituting the Italian colours, and Mdme Scalchi an elegant scarf pin, with a large ruby surrounded with diamonds. In looking at the bills of Mapleson's Opera Company, year after year, with all the continual change of names, one sees one familiar sentence: "Director of Music, Signor Arditì." Signor Arditì was the musical director of the first Italian opera company that ever came to this city, and, if he remains as perennially young as he seems to be now, he may be the director of the last company that comes here. He came, with a troupe from Havana, in 1847, and opened in *Lucia di Lammermoor* at the Howard, and he has been here nearly every year since. It is whispered that he was as bald and beautiful then as he is now, and he was the same superb conductor as the one who now excites the admiration of all. He has stopped at the Tremont House for 30 years, and, I suppose, will do so this year, keeping, also, a careful eye on the garlic and macaroni of his native land, as served in the Italian restaurants of this city. Long may he prosper!—American Journal.

THE UHLANS AT GLASGOW.

On Monday night, Jan. 19, was produced at the Royalty Theatre a comic opera, *The Uhlans*, which has not been heard in Scotland before. There was a large and friendly audience. The opera was originally brought out in Dublin at the beginning of last year, and we understand—says *The Glasgow Herald*—that Monday evening witnessed its revival after a silence of nearly twelve months. In such circumstances "rust" may be excusable. The last act fared much better in representation than the two preceding it, and the audience thus quitted the theatre with a favourable impression, which will doubtless be confirmed by those who come after them. The opera, conducted by Mr Groenings, has the advantage of including in its cast Mdme Rose Hersee (Rose), Miss Helen Armstrong (Marie), Mr J. W. Turner (Fritz), Mr A. Leonard (Carlo-witz), Mr H. W. Dodd (Herr von Krockery), and Mr Charles Lyall (the Mayor)—the characters originally taken by these artists—and they could not be better bestowed. Miss Hersee has two pretty airs—"Monarchs who ruled in Ages Past," in the first act, and "Stay, cruel Time," in the third—both given with finish and expression, and Miss Armstrong a simple ballad, "Memories of two years ago," which gained in tenderness by her sympathetic contralto voice. The two lady principals also sang well together in the duets, "Our cares are past" and "Our lovers, while they pet us." Mr Turner's first song, in praise of champagne, was rendered with such rollicking spirit that the audience insisted on an encore. Mr Lyall's Mayor was, in point of acting, the best performance of the night. The character is certainly the strongest in the opera. In the first act the Mayor brags and blusters, and his heroism is amusingly emphasized by the actor, whose finest touches, however, are reserved for the second act, where the ex-dignitary of Preville, reduced to a faded blouse and an organ, bewails the reverse of fortune which has befallen him. In the last scene, resenting the perfidy of his nieces and their husbands, he resumes his regal manner, only to lay it aside again before the final waltz. Mr Lyall, it should be added, gave a "Rataplan" song in capital style. Mr H. W. Dodd, as Herr von Krockery, "makes-up" à la Count Bismarck, and Miss C. D. Hamilton, as Angélique, is admirable in the shyness and coquetry which she assumes.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

Some years ago, M. Paul Ferrier wrote a libretto with Tabarin, a Pont Neuf celebrity of the 17th century, as its hero. The libretto was lying in the author's desk, waiting for a composer to set it to music, when M. Coquelin, of the Théâtre-Français, heard of it. He read it, and was so pleased with the principal personage that he persuaded M. Ferrier to change his libretto into a comedy for the Théâtre-Français. M. Ferrier did so, and the work in its altered form was, in 1874, duly produced at the world-renowned institution in question, M. Coquelin playing the leading character. But it achieved only a *succès d'estime*, and ere long disappeared from the bills, to repose once more in the author's desk, until two years since, when M. Emile Pessard was selected to write a two-act work for production at the Grand Opera in 1884. The composer, casting about for a libretto, recollected the *Tabarin* performed at the Théâtre-Français. He saw the author, who agreed to turn his comedy back again into its original shape, and thus it came to pass that M. Emile Pessard wrote the score lately brought out at the Grand Opera, where it would have been submitted earlier to the judgment of the public, had its production not been retarded by the death of M. Vaucorbeil.

The subject is as follows: Tabarin, a great favourite with the Parisians, had a theatre or booth at one end of the Pont Neuf, where he used to play farces and other short pieces, the great charm of which consisted in the impromptu sallies or "gags," which he introduced with great felicity into the dialogue, and which were directed mostly against the vices and follies of the day. At the rising of the curtain, one of Tabarin's company, a certain Fritelin, has just been hanged for stealing, and his place is taken by a student named Gauthier, who has become his successor that he may be near Francisquine, Tabarin's wife, with whom he is in love. Francisquine, still smarting under the blows she has received from her husband, who, after drinking a little overmuch, is in the habit of beating her, lends a too willing ear to the student's advances. The first piece in which Gauthier appears is one in which he has to run off with another man's wife. Gauthier runs off with Tabarin's wife in reality, and when Tabarin, on being acquainted with the fact, gives way to the most poignant lamentations, the audience, thinking he is still acting, applaud to the echo. But Francisquine, alarmed at the step she has taken, and thoroughly repentant, returns to seek her husband's forgiveness. By this time the audience have obtained an inkling of the true state of affairs, and are furious. To save his wife from their vengeance, Tabarin comes forward, tells them they are again mistaken, and that his wife's flight, like his own despair, was pre-arranged and formed part of the piece. Hereupon the audience burst out in loud applause and the curtain falls. This last scene is highly dramatic, and may indeed be said to constitute the libretto, all that precedes being well nigh superfluous.

Many persons consider that the score of *Tabarin* does not equal that of the same composer's *Capitaine Fracasse*, brought out in bygone days at the Théâtre Ventadour. It is, however, the work of a clever and accomplished musician, and contains some good numbers, among which may be reckoned Tabarin's drinking song, the final chorus of the first act, the chorus of Flower-girls in the second, an air for the baritone, and the last *finale*. There is, also, some pleasing dance-music. M. Melchissédec, as Tabarin, made a favourable impression, historically and vocally, particularly in the last scene of the second act; M. Dereims was a satisfactory Gauthier; while MM. Dubulle and Sapin brought out in strong relief the subsidiary characters of Mondor and Nicaise respectively. Mlle Dufranc gave due effect, thanks to her flexible, well-trained voice and expressive acting, to the part of Francisquine. Mlles Ottolini and Roumier displayed in the divertissement much grace and elegance.

The first night of *Tabarin* was marked by the revival of M. Salvayre's ballet, *Le Fandango*, with Mlle Subra, who is becoming a greater favourite every day, as *prima ballerina*. Her dancing, distinguished for ease, elegance, and finish, was loudly applauded.

With regard to future arrangements, *Rigoletto* will probably be performed in the early part of March, with Mme Krauss and M. Lassalle. M. Massenet's *Cid* is to be produced next winter, and M. Paladille's *Patrie*, the winter following.

At the Opéra-Comique, the last-named composer's *Diana* is in rehearsal and will be performed early in February.—Mme Heil-

bron, having concluded her engagement with M. Carvalho, has started for St Petersburg.

Among the recently created "Officiers d'Académie" are the following: M. Dèffès, composer and director of the Conservatory of Music, Toulouse: Rabuteau, a "grand prix de Rome;" Paul Rougnon, professor at the Conservatory of Music; Pénavire, composer; O. de Lagoanère, conductor at the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin; Warot, tenor, formerly at the Grand Opera and Opéra-Comique, and now at the Théâtre-Royal, Antwerp; Taskin and Barré, members of the company at the Opéra-Comique; Brasseur, manager of the Théâtre des Nouveautés; Wittmann, conductor at the Hippodrome; Ernest Ameline, perpetual secretary of the Philotechnical Society, poet and composer; Georges Papin, violoncellist and founder of the French Quartet Society. Among the "Officières" may be mentioned Mlle Augusta Holmès, Mme Jules Legoux (Gilbert des Roches), composers; Mme Marie Sass, formerly of the Grand Opera, and Mme Moreau Sainti, professoress of singing.

FROM THE WEST.

No. 2.

As I roamed through the forest with eager hound, in quest of the wild red deer, I chanced to espy a bower, close by a fountain deep and clear. A maiden fair I saw within. "Right welcome, Sir Hugh," quoth she; full glad am I to see thee safe once more in the West Country."

Then after this cheerful greeting did she draw forth from her handbag a piece of writing, bearing at end the name of my well-loved friend, Thomas de Dena, and without further warning began to read. This done with, she asked me many things, saying that he soon might pass that way, then could she tell him that he wished to know. But soon found I that she could not bear so much in mind; and when she pressed with warmth that I would put down all in writing, I could not but set forth that which followeth:—

We know not things as they are. What so wonderful as the damp wind that waves the leaves in the Spring. We can not see it, neither can it be felt. Yet coldness turneth it into rain, into fog, into hail, into snow, into ice. Some of these are hard: through some we cannot see. Yet are all the same under divers forms. We say that light is hueless. Yet with a piece of ice, deeply cut, can I get from a ray of sunlight the beauties of the rainbow. The snow, that seemeth white, when crushed we know to be not so. I pour two cold things into a pitcher, and forthwith they burn aught that toucheth them. Iron is black as night; yet when stricken doth it give forth much light, and sparks withal. The Tabor and the Pipe are speechless as death: yet when I strike the one and blow into the other, do sounds come forth that may be heard from afar.

Wise men in the East have thought over these things, and they say that light, sound, and heat are not; but that air made to move in diverse ways doth so act upon certain tender threads having place in the eye, the ear, and other parts of the body, as to carry to the brain those feelings which we call light, sound, and heat. So, also, is it with smell and with taste. One man doth hurt his head; thenceforward is he blind. Another, and behold, to him are all things soundless. A third, and of feeling hath he none. Some even do say that no thing hath being but the brain of man, which doth make all things that have, or have not, breath, by thinking them merely.

As to these strange teachings, all that I can with sureness say is that John, who hight the Smith, did with sword cut open a Tabor given to him by his fair—a comely maid, I ween. But he found nought but wind within.

HUGH DE MOHUN.

Conygar Towers, Dunster.

OVIDE MUSIN.—A grand "Testimonial Concert" was announced to be given on Saturday, Jan. 10th, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, to Sig. Ovide Musin, the celebrated violinist. Mmes Fursch-Madi, and Madeleine Schiller, Herr Robinson, the Dudley Buck Quartette Club, and Sig. Agramonte were to assist.

THE DIAPASON NORMAL.—The Queen has sanctioned the adoption of the *diapason normal* for her private band, and will in future be used at the State concerts. It may be hoped that a uniformity of musical pitch will soon be an accomplished fact in England.

MADAME VALLERIA.

Madame Valleria's fame is secure in oratorio, and one is apt to overlook her brilliant operatic accomplishments. There was no oversight of this kind—says *The Leeds Mercury*—on the part of the audience at the Bradford Full-dress Subscription Concert on Friday night, Jan. 16th. The lady was cordially received on entry; the first few bars of the famous aria, "Selva opaca," from Rossini's masterpiece (*Guillaume Tell*), fixed wandering attention, and proved that her fluent, powerful, and beautiful voice is telling as ever. The directness of her vocal effects, was, as usual, very apparent, and her rich, clear voice, used with great art, told equally well in emotional phrases and in Verdi's tripping *bolero*. Cowen's song is one of the best of his many excellent compositions for vocal solo. It was admirably sung by Mme Valleria—for whom, by the way, it was composed—and after a double re-call she repeated a verse. A double re-call also followed each appearance of this highly popular artist, and, after the *bolero*, she favoured a mightily pleased auditory with "Home, sweet home." It is pleasant to hear this accomplished vocalist in the full possession of the powers of song which has placed her amongst the very few who are at once oratorio and operatic stars. We subjoin the programme:—

Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn); Aria, "Selva opaca," *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini)—Mme Valleria; Concerto, violoncello and orchestra (J. de Swert)—violinello, M. Jules de Swert; *Bolero* from the *Vespre Siciliani* (Verdi)—Mme Valleria; Grand Symphony, No. 5, in C minor (Beethoven); Overture to *Tannhäuser* (Wagner); Romanza, "Who knows" (F. H. Cowen)—Mme Valleria; Suite, for orchestra, "L'Arlesienne" (Bizet); Solo violinello, Air (Bach) and Mazurka (Popper), with orchestral accompaniments by M. Jules de Swert—violinello, M. Jules de Swert; Overture to *Semiramide* (Rossini).

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY AT LIVERPOOL.

Massenet's opera, *Manon*, which was produced, for the first time in England, at the Liverpool Royal Court Theatre on Saturday evening, Jan. 17th, met with a most flattering reception; and it may be safely predicted that the work of the French composer will attain a widespread popularity. The production of the opera, needless to say, could not possibly have fallen into better hands than those of Mr Rosa and his brilliant company. It is admitted on all hands that Saturday evening's performance was a splendid all-round triumph—a triumph for the composer, whose music, with its clever orchestration and its intensely dramatic atmosphere, so closely wedded to the spirit of the Abbé Prévost's story, charmed all ears; a triumph for the Carl Rosa management, which saw the work splendidly staged, and was, as usual, as near perfect as could be in all surrounding details; and a triumph, also, for the artists engaged, chief among whom must be mentioned Mr Ludwig, who rose to the occasion in such a manner as to satisfy the most exacting of the critics; Mr Barton McGuckin, who sang in excellent voice; and Mme Marie Roze, who added one more to the long list of her successes on the lyric stage. Mme Roze appeared in the title rôle, and by unanimous consent the part is one which suits her to perfection, giving as it does full scope to the play of her effective vocal and histrionic powers. The production of *Manon* is, it is needless to say, regarded as the event of the present English opera season, and those who attended the *première* had every reason to be thoroughly pleased.—*Liverpool Echo*.

FOREIGN BUDGET.

(From Correspondents.)

VIENNA.—The first Conservatorium's Concert, under director Jos. Hellmesberger, took place, in the large Musikvereins Saal, on Tuesday, January 13th. The following was the programme:—1. Weber's Overture to *Freischütz*; 2. First movement of Beethoven's Piano Concerto in G major (Frl. Jona Eibenschütz); 3. Aria from Haydn's *Creation* (Frl. Irene Penny); 4. Nocturne, for three harps, by C. Oberthür (Frl. Bohumila von Odolcek, Hermine Suppant-schitsch, and Wilma Bendi); 5. Aria from *Don Sebastian*, by Donizetti (Herr Isidor Zuria); 6. Weber's Clarinet Concerto (Herr Anton Haberzettel); 7. *Les Comédiens*, by Pugnani, 1740, arranged by J. Hellmesberger for violin ensemble, with harp, double-bass, and organ; 8. Polonaise, for piano, by Weber-Liszt (Herr Heinrich Wottava). All the above-named pupils of the Conservatorium acquitted themselves admirably. Hellmesberger's arrangement of Pugnani's *Les Comédiens* proved particularly effective, as likewise the Nocturne for three harps, on account of its novelty and perfect execution, by which the three ladies did great credit to Professor Zamara, their teacher. This family enjoys, altogether, high repute at Vienna, since not only the father is a celebrated harpist, but also his son and daughter. The former also made his mark as a clever

composer by his charming operetta, *The Queen of Arragon*; whilst Mdle Thésy Zamara played recently at a grand concert C. Oberthür's harp solo, *A Fairy Legend*, with so much effect that she was obliged to repeat it.

BRUSSELS.—A successor to MM. Stoumon and Calabresi at the Théâtre de la Monnaie has been found in Verdhurt-Fétis, who has triumphed over his fellow competitors, Campocasso, Bernard, Alhaiza, and Lenoir. Hitherto, Verdhurt-Fétis has had no managerial experience whatever, and has been known only as a professor of singing. The last act of the retiring managers has been to revive Weber's *Oberon*, which the public here had not heard for very many years. The work was on the whole satisfactorily represented, and the revival a success.—At the Théâtre des Fantaies Parisiennes, the last novelty has been Millöcker's *Bettel-student*, here styled *L'Étudiant pauvre*. It met with a favourable reception. A German company from Cologne have been performing in German Genée's *Nanon* and Strauss's *Fledermaus*, at the Théâtre des Galeries, where they have been drawing good houses.

BERLIN.—Well mounted and well played, V. E. Nessler's four-act opera, *Der Trompeter von Sakkingen*, has made a hit at the Royal Operahouse. The principal characters were confided to Milles Beeth and Lammert, Herren Oberhauser, Fricke, and Krolop.—Millöcker's new operetta, *Der Feldprediger*, vastly pleases the patrons of the Wallhalla-Operetten-Theater, where it was performed for the first time on the 10th inst. The libretto is interesting, the music fresh and pleasing, and no expense or trouble has been spared in staging the work. The composer himself conducted on the first night, and was, with the singers, called on after each act.—Georg and Lillian Henschel gave a short time since at the Singakademie what may be termed a historico-polyglot concert, at which they sang, in German, English, Italian, and French, songs by composers representing two centuries, including, among others, J. W. Franck, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Weber, Auber, Donizetti, Schubert, Schumann, Isouard, Boieldieu, Massenet, Gounod, Löwe, and Brahms.—The programme of the second Quartet Evening, Second Series, given by Joseph Joachim, de Ahna, Wirth, and Hausmann, contained Quartet in D minor, Mozart; Quintet in D major, Gernheim; and Quartet in F major, Op. 59, Beethoven.

HAMBURG.—Weber's youthful opera, *Silvana*, with the book remodelled by Ernst Pasqué, and the score by Hermann Langer, has been performed at the Stadttheater with satisfactory results, which both the manager, Pollini, and the artists, Lissmann, and Garso-dely, Weltlinger, Wiegand, and Ehrcke, did their best to deserve, the former by the care and liberality with which he placed the work on the stage, the latter by the manner in which they sustained the characters and sang the music.

WÜRZBURG.—King Ludwig of Bavaria, recently showed the high opinion he entertains of the Royal School of Music here by conferring on the director, Dr Kliebert, the Cross of the Order of St Michael, and on Schwendemann, Meyer-Olbersleben, and Ritter, masters in the institution, the title of Royal Professors.

MEININGEN.—Dr Hans von Bülow has sent in his resignation as Ducal *Capellmeister*, and the Duke of Meiningen has accepted it. Bülow intends again travelling about as a concert-giver. He will, this March, start on a long tour through Europe, and begin it by three concerts in Paris.

DEDICATED TO ROYALTY BALLAD-MAKERS.

Extract from a Catalogue of the Sale of the extensive Library of Dr Rainbeau. Sold by Topsy Turvey & Co. London, 1863.

LOT 44.—THE MUSIC SELLER'S COMPLAINT TO THE BALLAD-MAKER.

O, Georgie, where's the gowden ring,
As weel as fortune rare,
Ye promised to attend that sang
Ye recommended sair?
Wi' muckle grief I parted
Wi' the shiners frae my hoard,
Nae, saw ye glow'rin' i' the dark,
As ye thought "My lad, ye're floor'd!"
Yet why d'ye tell a denced lie,
And truth send off awa'?
Ye swore thy trash would hae a sale—
And 't has not sold at a'!
So mak' clean breast, good Georgie,
Relieve thy soul of sin,
I'll gi'e thee back thy ballad,
An' ye'll gi'e back my tin!

—MS. 1790.

ST JAMES'S HALL.
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
TWENTY-SEVENTH SEASON, 1884-85.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING NEXT, JANUARY 26, 1885,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in D major, No. 7, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Songs, "Und als die alte Mutter" (Dvorák), and "Die blauen Frühlingsaugen" (Franz)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Sonata, in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mr Charles Hallé.

PART II.—Trio, in F minor, Op. 65, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Dvorák)—Mr Charles Hallé, Mme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti; Song, "May Dew" (Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Sonata, in A major, for pianoforte and violin (Bach)—Mr Charles Hallé and Mme Norman-Néruda.

Accompanist—Signor ROMILLI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, JANUARY 24, 1885,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in G minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti; Air, "If with all your hearts" (Mendelssohn)—Mr Maas; Sonata Appassionata, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mme Essipoff; Air, "In native worth" (Haydn)—Mr Maas; Trio, in B flat, Op. 99, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Schubert)—Mme Essipoff, Mme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

MARRIAGES.

On January 15th, at Holy Trinity, Margate, by the Rev. A. W. Boulden, brother of the bride, MAX, second son of IMMANUEL LIEBICH, to MARION, youngest daughter of the late Rev. J. BOULDEN, of Margate.

On January 17th, at Plymstock, Devon, CLAUDE EDWARD, Capt. 95th (Derbyshire) Regiment to ALICE MARY ELLEN, younger daughter of the late FRANCIS F. BULTEEL, of Thorncott, near PlymOUTH.

DEATH.

On January 19th, at Tritelington Hall, Northumberland, aged 68, ELLEN, widow of the late JOHN DAVISON, Esq.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1885.

MORE INTERVIEWING.

KING ARTHUR OF THE TABLE ROUND.

"Et tu Brute."

"As a general matter of habit I write almost entirely at night, when posts have ceased from troubling and omnibuses are at rest. I can do more between twelve and four, when my quiet is entirely undisturbed, than I could get through in the whole day. And as I am not obliged to rise early, it seems as convenient a time for working as any other. You, who know what it is to be perpetually disturbed while writing copy, will at once understand how fatal interruption must be to musical composition. I don't for an instant infer that one is easier than the other, yet cannot help thinking that writers can pick up the broken threads of an idea more swiftly than musicians can. It is impossible for us to work to advantage in short spells—bit by bit, as it were, for an hour or so at a time, as I understand one can write or paint. It takes a long time for the musician to get thoroughly hold of his subject, and when he is in full swing he likes to write on and on till he is beginning to get tired. Nobody, I should think, could write any fairly good music when he is fatigued and jaded. I apprehend one must come fresh to any artistic work."

"You have never undergone the drudgery of teaching?"

"I have given a few lessons. I began to write early in life, and during the time I was composing serious music went through some little hard times, like other beginners in every art or craft. But instead of teaching for bread I, fortunately, wrote songs, at first for five, and then for ten, guineas a piece and more. They happened to strike the public taste. Many of these I published on the 'royalty' system—so much per copy sold. 'The Lost Chord' has brought me a yearly income ever since. The only one of my better known songs that I sold outright was 'Sweethearts,' for £700, to Chappells. I was pleased to get so much money, and I hope and believe my friends did well by the bargain. You know all about *Box and Cox*, and my subsequent work with Mr Gilbert. The sale of the book containing the full score of *The Pirates of Penzance* was almost incredible. The first batch ordered and printed was 30,000. I have a collaborator in Mr Gilbert, who writes lyrical words in a manner equalled by no living author. Fortune has been very kind to me."

"It is precisely because you have gained such honours and rewards as to be beyond all suspicion of envy, jealousy, discontent, or disappointment, that I ask your opinion on the present and probable future of music and musicians in England."

"I have been successful in my own country beyond my deserts, and I am always received most cordially abroad. I am, I believe, but am not quite sure, the only English composer of to-day who has had an important work performed by the French Conservatoire. I can afford to be outspoken on behalf of my brethren. The knowledge and appreciation of music have enormously increased in this country during the last twenty years, and will probably go on increasing; but I am not so sure that the position of the professional musician will improve in proportion. In England there is still a curious preference for musical foreigners. Italians, Frenchmen, and, above all, Germans, are preferred both as teachers and executants. For instance, the direction of the Birmingham Musical Festival is considered a sort of blue ribbon among English musicians. It has been given to a foreigner who speaks very little English, against whose ability I have not a word to say, except that a German who cannot speak English appears oddly selected to conduct English choruses."

"Sir Michael Costa was a foreigner."

"True; but he was domiciled in England, and, moreover, had a position such as no other person is likely to enjoy. He reigned at once over the Royal Italian Opera, and the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies. And he was an almost ideal conductor and a sound musician, although not endowed with any special creative faculty. He, of course, conducted the Birmingham Festival. This was very different from importing a foreign musician for the occasion."

"You then hold patriotic views as to art?"

"I know it is laid down that art has no nationality. In a broad sense this is true, but in its particular application to musicians it is very wide of the mark. As a free-trader you insist on free-trade in art. Tell me, then, how English musical executants are received abroad; how an English violinist would get on in a French band, how an English flute player would be accepted in Germany? I am not referring to 'stars,' but to good average performers. Look at the conditions of the Paris Grand Opera concerning the production of new operas by French composers. There is no idea of 'fair-trade' or reciprocity of any kind with regard to ordinary English musicians abroad. But English people who have excellent professors of their own, prefer Germans to teach the pianoforte to their children. Perhaps they get them cheaper. I do not know, but I should think it very likely from various incidents which have come to my knowledge. The prejudice in favour of foreign teachers seems to promise badly for the young people whom we are now educating as musicians in this country."

"The field of labour will grow larger."

"Not in proportion to the numbers of hands. There is, I apprehend, imminent danger of the supply outrunning the demand. And so long as distinct preference is shown for foreigners the profession will remain as the only one without prizes. When the greatest distinction that an English musician can achieve is conferred upon a foreigner, not even resident here, what have our young people to look forward to? They are an army of rank and file without hope of commission or command."

"Or a church without bishoprics?"

"Without deaneries, rectories, or even curacies, so long as foreigners are employed in preference to Englishmen. If there were no competent conductors for a great musical festival in this country, I would say nothing; but there are several—Mr Barnby, Mr Cowen, Mr Stanford, and others. Foreigners will have nothing to do with our pictures, our books, our music, or musicians. Why we run mad after them and their work I do not understand. There seem to be art periods in various countries. That of German music since Bach has been very short. Excepting Wagner, whom it would be too long to discuss, the last great German name is Schumann. Take purely French music from Grétry to Gounod, and tell me what it all amounts to. Now I come to Italian opera. You understand perfectly that I do not mean opera sung for convenience in Italian, as the elder scholars wrote in Latin as a common language; but the modern Italian opera of the chief masters, Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini, is dead for a very good reason. These composers of melody wrote for great artists, for a galaxy of wonderful singers who interpreted their works superbly. When these melodies are now sung by an artist of nearly the same calibre, everybody will go to hear them; but the operas are not intrinsically strong enough to bear indifferent or even moderate execution. Just now there is a scarcity of great singers; and Italian opera, properly so called, is dead for a time at least, in consequence of the impossibility of adequate performance. The rage now is for everything German in music, just as it is for German clerks in the City."

"Is not the area of music large enough for all?"

"Not, as I think, for all who are now studying it as a profession in this country to make a living upon. Everybody cannot achieve success as a composer. Playing the organ at church is a help to a young musician, but those who hope to live by their art divide themselves naturally into two classes, teachers and executants. I will give you in round numbers an idea of the army of young persons now going through a course of instruction at the public institutions in London. The Royal Academy of Music has 500 students, the Royal College of Music 200, and the Guildhall School of Music, I believe, 1,300 or 1,400. I do not say that all of these—especially the latter—intend to live as professional musicians, but a great number have a hope of doing so. It is, I should think, very foolish to give a son musical training unless he has almost what is called genius, or at least decided talent. Competition will be very great, and the weaker will be thrust to the wall. At this moment a great number of well-taught young musicians are very hard put to it to find anything like employment, remunerative or otherwise. The sheet anchor of these is supposed to be teaching, but teachers are, owing to many causes, becoming more numerous than pupils. As for the executants, they have to struggle against foreign competition also. The possessor of a very fine voice has an advantage over everybody, but many strive to become singers who are very poorly qualified in that prime necessity. And when singers and instrumentalists are proficient they are met by a serious competitor in the shape of that new development, the musical amateur."

"Is he or she very formidable?"

"Extremely so as interfering with the bread and butter of the profession. You urge that the general interest of the public in any pursuit must be in favour of those professing it, and quote the prosperity of the theatre as an instance. The cases are not parallel, although there is some similarity between them. You know the theatrical amateur well! Have you not found that he is, as a rule much more interested in what he acts himself and his friends and rival amateurs act than in studying the method of a genuine actor, except, perhaps, for low comedy business? He will go sometimes night after night till he learns 'that bit of business' with the key or the candlestick, or whatever it is, but he is all the time thinking how nearly he can imitate."

"Still he goes to the play, and in a manner encourages the drama, as the musical amateur goes to opera, oratorio, and concert."

"Hardly. I think, on reflection, you will agree with me that musical amateurs as a body go very little to public performances. They care as a body infinitely more for their own singing and playing than for that of the most famous artists. Look at the audiences at the Monday 'Pops' and many other concerts. They are composed of the same persons, not of musical amateurs. Many of these sing and play very well, and as nearly everybody likes

what is fairly good and costs nothing better than something very good for hard cash, musical amateurs make their own and their friends' music instead of paying professional performers. Such joys are cheap, and appear to interest the amateur musical mind very much. But they lop off an important item from an artist's income, just as vast institutions like the Guildhall School of Music deprive private teachers of numerous pupils. I should think half the music of London is performed by amateurs to one another. They have their inner public, their partisans and admirers, just like Handel and Buononcini, Grisi and Lind, Wagner and Gounod. They are perfectly happy among themselves, but afford very slender support to professional musicians."

"Then you are not hopeful as to the outcome of enlarged musical teaching?"

"It is only as to the craft that I am not very sanguine. It may be excellent for the nation, if hard on my brother English musicians. Possibly, it is only a phase of a change which may make England a great musical nation. I will not attempt a forecast on this part of the subject. What I see before me is that foreigners are preferred for teaching, and for the great prizes of the highly skilled musician; that amateurs are becoming, in a way, rivals to the profession as executants; and that probably a great school like the Guildhall School of Music, with excellent professors, is perhaps a little confused as to its purpose, or is in a measure diverted from its purpose by the public. The latter is quite in consonance with our national genius for giving to those who have. When an educational prize, such as a scholarship, is bequeathed, it is competed for, and sometimes won by the children of parents who could amply afford to pay for their education without begging from the founder. Our old grammar schools have been treated very much like this; and when cheap and admirable musical education is given for sums not exceeding £40 a year, persons of considerable income avail themselves of the opportunity. But the effect is curious. The classes intended to be benefitted are cut out, and the intention of the foundation reversed. The Guildhall School of Music gives excellent teaching to intending teachers, and also to a crowd of ordinary pupils. It thus educates teachers and takes away the persons to be taught by making the latter its own pupils. Perhaps the right people are sometimes missed—but very rarely, I think, for musical capacity is of all that which declares itself early."

"Shall we ever have a genuine National serious Opera?"

"I know the American saying about prophecy, so I don't pretend to know. But it seems likely enough. There is room for something, and this might be created here as well as on the Continent and imported. But many conditions are required for success in operatic management. I apprehend that a successful opera must be played every night to make money. Life is too hurried now to calculate over one opera on Mondays and Wednesdays, another on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and another on Fridays and Saturdays. People will not, I think, do this; and then, if you run your opera every night, you require a double cast of singers. Good singers will hardly consent to sing through a grand opera every night. Very few have sufficient physical power, and even they would be wise not to exert it. So there would be difficulties in management apart from composition and execution. You must also consider the rivalry of the concert-room. I do not now speak of the great rewards given to *prime donne* popular throughout the civilized world. My remarks are generally concerning musical people, in Mark Lane style, 'from fair to middling.' But a good singer can now get as much for singing two or three songs at a concert as for singing through a long and difficult opera, requiring some knowledge of the stage as well. But I yet think that England may become a great musical country, and that before long we may have a National Opera."

In recommending this account of an "interview" to its readers, our esteemed contemporary, *The Musical Standard*, makes the following observations, the general tenour to which we should be only too happy to endorse:

"It has been the practice of this paper to strictly respect the sanctity of private life, and only to present the artist as concerning the world in his public capacity as a writer, performer, or teacher. However, it so happens, that the views of the eminent composer, whose name heads this article, have already been made public in the *Daily News* of Jan. 10, and having thus found their way over all the world, they can no longer be described as confidential. Moreover,

Sir Arthur Sullivan's observations have—by reason of their singular force, truthfulness, refreshing zeal in behalf of our native artists and their work, and the powerful influence to be attached to the words of so distinguished an artist—such weight as makes large quotations from them here a positive duty; and even those who have read these words in the *Daily News* article entitled 'Workers and their Work,' will do well to read them over again, and to ponder upon the questions they so perspicuously and emphatically advance."

But Sir Arthur has said much that might have been left unsaid, and omitted much more that might have been said. It is well that he received £700 from Messrs Chappell for a song, and that 30,000 copies of the *Pirates* were ordered in advance; but what this has to do with the progress of English music in England it is hard to conjecture. One of the most magnificent songs in our English vocal repertory, Sir George Macfarren's setting of "Amalia in the Garden" (Schiller), brought its composer—one of England's greatest lyric bards—a "thank'ye."

OUR excellent tenor, Mr Joseph Maas, is engaged to take part in the forthcoming Bach and Handel Bi-centenary Commemorative Festival, to be held at the Conservatory of Brussels on the first of next month. The committee could hardly have made a wiser choice. Mr Maas may safely be relied upon to uphold the repute already enjoyed abroad by England, not merely as a nation of voices but as a nation of singers. The late admirable connoisseur, Jules de Glimès, one of the most accomplished of Belgian musicians, who resided so long among us, would have unhesitatingly endorsed this opinion.

THE Theatre of Alhama, province of Granada, Spain, has been completely destroyed by one of the earthquakes.

A REPORT is current that Adelina Patti intends retiring from the stage after the present season. (That report is gooseberry.—Dr Blüdt.)

AFTER fulfilling her engagements in Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, Mme Minnie Hauk intends, it is said, settling permanently in London. (From a Correspondent.)

A MEETING of musicians will ere long be held in Bologna, when Dr Sacerdoti will deliver an address on Wagner; Count Albicini, one on Rossini; Sig. Seluci, one on Verdi; Sig. Biagi, one on Spontini; and Sig. Samoggia, one on Mozart.

It appears that not all Italians are fanatic admirers of Wagner, if we may judge by the fact that three performances of *Lohengrin* at the Teatro Filarmonico, Verona, brought in the magnificent sum total of £40.

While the repertory for the coming season at the Théâtre-Municipal, Nice, will comprise *Aida*, *Ernani*, *Ruy Blas*, *Faust*, and *Poliuto*, the manager of the Théâtre-Français promises, among other important works, *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète* (never before performed in the above town), and *L'Africaine*.

Mlle Van Zandt has been highly successful in *Mignon* at St Petersburg. On the first night, she was encoired in several pieces, and called on forty-five times (445 times!—Dr Blüdt.) The Emperor and Empress were present. (The next day and night were exclusively devoted to calls and recalls.—Dr Blüdt.)

THE HANDEL AND BACH BICENTENARIES.—The bicentenaries of the birth of Bach and Handel during the present year will be celebrated all over the musical world. In Germany and England, where the works of these great masters are household words, preparations are everywhere in a forward state, and the French-speaking nations, although comparatively speaking they know little of Bach and less of Handel, are evidently determined not to let the occasion pass unnoticed. The Conservatoire of Brussels, which has taken the initiative in the matter, announces a grand concert for the first of next month, which will be devoted entirely to works by Handel and Bach, including the *Dettingen Te Deum*, by the former, and the cantata, *Gottes Zeit*, by the latter master. A selection of orchestral music will also be included in the programme, which will be conducted by M. Gevaert, the famous historian of music and director of the Brussels Conservatoire. England being considered the country where the traditions of Handel are preserved in the purest form, a representative English singer, Mr Maas, has been especially engaged for the occasion.—*Times*.

CONCERTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The entertaining programme arranged by the director for the concert on Wednesday evening, January 14, attracted a large audience to St James's Hall. By the presentation of songs written at different periods of our national life, the varying character and tastes of our forefathers are illustrated; for, though the representative English tune is almost invariably marked by a certain individuality, comprising a frankness of accent, and firmness of rhythm, a joviality of cadence with naturalness in the progression of its parts, yet from time to time these qualities have been allied to very dissimilar poetic subjects, some of which are utterly unsuited to the social conditions of the present day. The songs of the Restoration period, with the subsequent ditties reciting the joys and woes of Strephon and Chloe, and, above all, those devoted to the "flowing bowl," should but seldom be called upon. No one need fear meeting with any unworthy theme at the Ballad Concerts, for Mr John Boosey never fails to exercise sound judgment in the selection of the various subjects. Few things more appropriate than Shakspeare's "When daisies pied," set to music by Dr Arne, could have been chosen, especially when sung, as it was on Wednesday evening, by the accomplished Mme De Fonblanque. The words of the poet were enunciated with clearness, and the quaint beauties of the melody faithfully revealed. These merits obtained for the fair artist a unanimous recall. Mr Edward Lloyd again enforced the claims of Stephen Adams' new song, "The Maid of the Mill," to favour and popularity. Later in the evening he charmed every ear by the sustained beauty which characterized his rendering of Moore's "Oft in the stilly night." As the audience vehemently demanded an encore, the artist complied by singing the old ditty, "Sally in our alley." Two favourite songs, "On the banks of Allan Water," and "Kathleen Mavourneen," were made themes for exhibiting the attractive qualities of Mme Valleria's singing. In both she was highly successful, securing in the later-named the pleasure of further gratifying her admirers by responding to an encore. Signor Foli was prevented appearing at the place indicated in the programme in consequence of an accident happening to him on his journey to the hall. Happily it was of so slight a nature as to allow him to sing in the second part of the concert. Miss Mary Davies' refined vocalization and simple earnestness appeared as surely as ever to the audience, and Mme Antoinette Sterling's unforced pathos produced its accustomed effect. Mr Barrington Foote was likewise favourably received. The choir, under the guidance of Mr Venables, rendered important service, and Mr Sidney Naylor was as usual the able conductor.—L. T.

MR A. VICTOR BENHAM.—On Wednesday afternoon a pianoforte recital was given at Princes' Hall by Mr A. Victor Benham, a pianist of youthful age, who, educated at Paris, has attracted some attention there by his brilliant executive attainments and also by the higher qualities which belong only to an exceptional musical instinct. His programme embraced examples of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Liszt, all of which he played with a vigour and aptitude hardly to have been expected from one so obviously in his teens. His readings were clear and intelligent, though characterized by a tendency to "overstate," so to say, by loud and violent definition, which, no doubt, experience and a maturer judgment will modify. The event of the *matinée*, however, was the improvisation of a sonata built upon three themes which the audience was invited to suggest. Several subjects were accordingly handed in. Upon the theme he chose for the opening movement he dilated with a ready and manifest cleverness, keeping well in view the notation and sentiment of the text, but in the *adagio* and the appended *finale* he relapsed into extravagances which denoted technical adroitness rather than inspiration. Still, the exhibition was remarkable for its novelty and, let it be added, for the promise it held out of a probably distinguished future.

MR WALLWORTH gave the second of his agreeable *soirées musicales* this season, at his residence, Wimpole Street, on Wednesday, Jan. 14, at which many of his best pupils assisted. Foremost among the singers we may name Mr Iver McKay, whose delivery of "Salve dimora," from Gounod's *Faust*, was exceedingly expressive, and whose delivery of "The Message" (Blumenthal) was remarkable for distinct enunciation of the words and thorough knowledge of the composer's meaning. Miss Pauline Featherby must also be praised for the graceful style in which she rendered Tosti's song, "Good-bye," and Miss Leslie Trowbridge for her expressive rendering of "Deh vieni non tardar" (Mozart). Miss Edith Aloof, in Bishop's "Should he upbraid," and Haydn's canonize, "My mother bids me bind my hair," proved herself a most competent artist, and Mr C. H. Victor, in the excerpt from Mr Wallworth's charming little opera, *Kelvin's Choice*, deserves more than ordinary praise. The other singers, who, by the bye, proved the excellence of their training, were Misses Ida Everard, Marie Gray, Maude Hayter, Tomblason, and

Marie Waud; Messrs C. Seymour and T. Johns. Mr Wallworth himself was not idle, singing, with Mr Iver McKay, Donizetti's duet, "Liberi siete," as well as an effective song (of his own composition?), thus giving a lesson in artistic singing that benefitted his pupils and pleased his audience. Mr J. H. Leipold accompanied the singers on the pianoforte, and began the *soirée* by playing one of Liszt's Rhapsodies. The *soirée* concluded with Pearsall's madrigal, "Let us all go maying."

A Musical and Dramatic Entertainment was given at Beaufort House, North End, Fulham, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 20, for the purpose of reducing the debt on St Peter's Church. The first part of the programme was devoted to vocal and instrumental compositions. Among the most successful were three songs by Cowen, "Because," "Alas," and "The last dream," all of which were beautifully and artistically sung by Mlle Alice Roselli. An "Improvisation" for the pianoforte, played by the composer, M. le Comte de Maisonneuve, was a novelty; and a horn solo (transcription of Tosti's "Good-bye") was well played by Mr L. Jordan. One of Sullivan's duets, "The Sisters," was very nicely sung by Mrs Braden and Miss K. Cross, the last-named having previously sung "Oh! Swallow, Swallow" (encored). A clever Gavotte and Minuet, the composition of M. le Comte de Maisonneuve, for the violin alone, was capably played by M. T. B. Tournour; and one of the "Ingoldsby Legends" was well recited by Dr W. E. Lee. A farce, entitled *A Regular Fix*, concluded the entertainment, and was really very well acted.

MR AGUILAR, at his pianoforte recital on Monday, gave one of the 48 preludes and fugues of Bach (No. 15), his own characteristic sketch, "Ophelia," an Allegro by Mr F. M. Gwyn, R.A.M., three Phantasiestücke (Op. 111) by Schumann, and several other of his own compositions, including an "Overture scherzo" (a brilliant and melodious composition in orthodox form), a Fantasia on Scotch airs, an "Etude Melodique," Romanza (Op. 8, No. 2), "Mazurka du Nord," and his charming and melodious sketch, "Last Look." We need hardly say that Mr Aguilar was heartily applauded after each piece. A feature in the programme was the performance of Beethoven's "Sonata quasi Fantasia" (Op. 27, No. 2), by Miss N. Crookenden, a youthful and intelligent pupil of Mr Aguilar, who subsequently played with sympathetic intelligence Chopin's Polonaise in C sharp minor, a work remarkable for the sparkling brilliancy of its passages. During the afternoon Mr Aguilar read some interesting extracts from his clever pamphlet on "How to Learn the Pianoforte." The rooms, as usual, were crowded.

The Popular Ballad Concert Committee gave a most successful concert last Monday evening at the Town Hall, Shoreditch. The efforts made by this young but energetic society to bring musical entertainments within the reach of the humblest inhabitants of our densely crowded neighbourhoods cannot be too highly praised. Shoreditch, Bermondsey, Hackney, Clerkenwell, are visited in turn, and an excellent concert provided at prices varying from threepence to two shillings. On the occasion under notice, the band of the Royal Engineers played an admirable selection from the works of the "great masters." Miss Kate Flinn, who has a charmingly fresh soprano voice, won a deserved encore in "Tell me my heart," and later in the evening had an immense success in Francesco Berger's new song, "One, two, three," which she was also obliged to repeat. Mr Tietkens was very successful in Balfe's ever popular, "Come into the garden, Maud," while Mr Kensington was equally so in Gounod's "Nazareth," and Mozart's "Non più andrai." Miss Arnim was heard to advantage in songs by Sullivan and Macfarren, and the concert concluded with a spirited rendering of Verdi's masterpiece, the Quartet from *Rigoletto*. Mr Francesco Berger conducted the whole performance with his usual ability and experience.—A. B.

PROVINCIAL.

PENZANCE CHORAL SOCIETY.—The performance of the *Creation* at St John's Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 20, must be registered as among the greatest successes ever achieved by the Penzance Choral Society during its brilliant career. Mr Nunn's ability as a conductor was never more conspicuously demonstrated, and from first to last everything went well. Mr Richard White, Jun., ably presided at the organ, and Miss L. M. Nunn (R.A.M.) led the band. It is only necessary to mention the names of the soloists: Miss Henrietta Nunn (soprano), Mr M. Sampson (tenor), and Mr A. L. Wills (bass). Miss Nunn possesses an extremely fine voice, over which she has complete control; it is clear and sweet, and of very wide range. All her solos met with an enthusiastic reception, and she was more than once encored. Mr Sampson also sang with that precision and vigour which long ago won for him a good reputation. Both Mr Wills and Mr Sampson were paid a compliment they will not be able to over-estimate.—*Western Morning News*.

DRAYCOTT (NOTTINGHAM).—A miscellaneous concert in connection with, and in aid of, the village Cricket Club, was given in the Schoolroom, Draycott, on Monday evening, Jan. 19th. The performance consisted of overtures by the band, the members of which were mostly from Derby, songs, duets, and violin and flute solos. The soloists were the Messrs Jennings and Hardy, and Messrs Stevens, Betts, Loffree, Ball, and J. King. A violin solo by Mr Bates and a flute solo by Mr Ball were given with exquisite taste. By special request, Miss Frederica Jennings, of the Royal Academy of Music, gave the air, "Rejoice greatly," from *The Messiah*. Mr Parkinson acted as accompanist. The concert was a success—says the *Guardian*—the room being crowded to the utmost. A handsome sum was realized.

BRADFORD (YORKSHIRE).—The appearance of M. Jules de Swert, the Belgian violoncellist, at the Bradford Subscription Concerts, on Saturday evening, Jan. 17, was an event of great interest. He is—remarks *The Bradford Observer*—among the very first masters of his beautiful instrument—indeed, in some features he is quite unrivalled—besides, he is more than a mere virtuoso, as his concerto sufficiently proved. Its fertility in ideas and cleverness of design cannot be fairly estimated at one hearing; but, negatively, it may be said that the work is free from the vices of most concertos of its kind. It does not throw over symmetry and homogeneity in order to keep the solo instrument in continual prominence; on the contrary, it is plainly the work of a musician who thinks first of his art. Even the *cadenza* receives the occasional support of the orchestra, and, as a consequence, is less ugly than usual. Largely, however, this effect was no doubt due to M. de Swert's subdued bowing and generally exquisite playing. We know no violoncellist so entirely and happily free from the "squeak-and-grunt method."

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

As the programme for Monday evening did not present any composition from the great resources of untried abstract music which the director happily has still at his command, the novelty of the occasion rested entirely upon the shoulders of Mr Max Pauer, who then made his first appearance at the above concerts. Before stepping on the platform he had the good fortune of securing the best wishes of many among the audience, being the son of an esteemed professor who as a solo pianist, has done honour to his calling, and who still benefits the rising generation of this country by tuition based upon classic traditions. No indulgence, however, was sought, nor indeed was needed, for Mr Max Pauer requires no other recommendation than his own bright capacities and honestly gained acquirements. That confidence has been placed in him by his teachers and the director of the Popular Concerts is seen in the selection of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 110) for his entry on the platform of St James's Hall. The result was in many respects highly satisfactory. Whatever diversity of opinion might be entertained concerning the readings of certain themes, but one decision could be formed as to his thorough musicianship. This is no small matter at the present day, when bodily contortions and hysterical affectations are often made to do duty for poetic breadth of design and completeness of execution. The auditors on Monday night felt conscious that in the young pianist before them they had one who had done them the honour of equipping himself in all things necessary for the undertaking, one who knew his work well and had the ability, yes, and the nerve, to do it without serious flaw or damage. That the groundwork of his art was surely laid and the superstructure fairly raised, no one who heard the Sonata could deny; that finish, polish, balance, and embellishment will follow in due time few could be so harsh as to disbelieve. His touch is clear and flexible, while his execution of scales and arpeggios is not without the necessary velocity and accuracy. In strength of tone, apart from the pedals, he is not remarkable, which will account in some measure for the phrasing being more elegant than forcible. Consequently the *allegro*, by its neatness and brightness, seemed to have more merit than the *adagio*, which was not altogether free from a certain lassitude. Some effects in the *arioso dolente* in A flat minor could scarcely be within the mental grasp of a youthful artist; the depth of passages which are the expressions of a tortured soul cannot be fathomed by one uninitiated in the secrets of woe. Only sad experience or abnormal poetic sensibility, with its prophetic insight and power of dramatic realization, can reveal it. Little wonder then that Mr Max Pauer at present fails to give full significance to the broken cadences of the *arioso*. There was much in the playing of the fugue in the *finale* that called forth admiration. Lightness of touch and unerring manipulation served the artist well. Moreover, the complications of the fugue concern the intellect and muscles alone, they make no demands upon the heart like to those craved for by the preceding

cantabile movement. No stiffness marred the execution; on the contrary, there was occasionally a little too much freedom taken with the time of the fugue. Perhaps the excitement of the moment led the young player to hurry here and there the progress of the subjects. But the best performers of fugues, or those who are esteemed as such, are apt to hurry and slacken at their pleasure. Still, we venture to affirm such practice is indefensible, for a fugue should keep its steady, yes, mechanical pace if you will, without hastening or halting. In other works in which the new pianist was engaged on Monday night, the needful steadiness was fairly observed. The pianoforte part in Schumann's *Stücke im Volkston* was rendered with becoming subserviency to the strains allotted to the violoncello. Nothing could be more valuable to Mr Max Pauer than co-operation with such an artist as Signor Piatti, who has no superior in mechanism or expression. It was pleasant to hear the young pianist imitating with graceful art the phrases led off by the renowned violoncellist. In summing up Mr Max Pauer's accomplishments we need but repeat that he is before all things a well trained musician, at the same time we state our conviction that he is on the high road for the attainment of all those qualities which constitute the perfect artist.—L. T.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Munchausen's horse is said to have drunk ever and anon without slaking his thirst; and the patrons of these concerts with the narcotical Papa Haydn's quartets appear to be in the same irremediable position, for scarcely a programme is passed without a long draught at the drainless trough of the *forty-eight*.* The prescription last Saturday was the well-known somnolent Quartet in C major, Op. 76, containing a long dream on the Austrian National Hymn, which, unlike most pleasant dreams (our duplicate lives), is interminable, and, like a nightmare, takes away all power of awakening oneself. The opening theme, alone, of this work seems surprised at finding itself on the stage, instead of following in the stream, of the composer's ideas, doomed to oblivious transportation. The want of a musical engineer, who can (like M. de Lesseps and the Isthmus of Panama) succeed in making a passage through Papa's plentiful Peninsulas, or of, still better, blowing-up his superfluous inspiration, is, concert by concert, becoming of urgent necessity; and, in so doing, give the crowd of assembled composers at the entrance of the programme a chance of passing these works, having the effect of sunken rocks, that audiences are continually striking upon without hope of escape, or even so much as a warning, in the shape of a musical barometer, that falls for the approach of a quartet by the venerated Papa. Maybe, it is intended as a remedy for the patient public's so-called modern mania; although, when the physician Time arrives, to take upon himself the credit of having cured his audience of it by this means, their spirits will point to the scores of untouched quartets lying on the shelf of oblivion, and of whose *forty-eight*† doses the contemplation thereof sufficed. Much genuine attention on these works would soon have the effect that the quack doctors influenced over their still more quack supporters in the olden times, with the exception that, instead of the audience leaving minus the quack ideas they brought with them, St James's Hall would be called upon to provide a considerable number of Bath chairs, stretchers, and other invalidated means of transportation, for the victims of Papa Haydn's mixtures. The executants were Mdme Néruda, Ries, Holländer, and Piatti—by whose several powers a work of small dimensions acquired the importance that an atom would under a microscope.

The second appearance of Mdme Essipoff was the signal for enthusiastic applause that in the Saint's blooming hall sounded, momentarily, quite foreign to it. The solos chosen were scarcely worthy of the remarkable interpretation they received from one of the truest examples of pianoforte playing now extant, consisting of three pieces, a Romance, plucked from Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor, a movement which, heard in this form, can only be likened to reading a book with a quarter of its pages torn out; a transcription of ballet-airs from Gluck's opera of *Alceste*, paired under the pen of Camille St Saëns; and the once too well-known *Étude de Concert*, of Thalberg, in A minor, constituted the only solo opportunities the audience had of basking in the enchanting spell of Mdme Essipoff's playing, although they hungered for more with typical voracity, but with an example to the *encore* system, which, considering the source whence it emanated, should be taken as a rule on future occasions, Mdme Essipoff simply returned thrice and bowed the audience into reason. A no less important feature in the programme was Mdme Néruda's performance of Franz Ries' Prelude, Romance, and Scherzo, the last named movement being taken by Mdme Néruda at an unusually electric speed and arousing the

audience once more into loud and prolonged applause, the concert ending with Rubinstein's Sonata, in D major, for pianoforte and violoncello, characterized throughout with stiff breezes of commonplace motives, that proved as effective by their masterly interpretation as their triviality permitted. Mdme Essipoff, associated with Sig. Piatti, crowned the success of another Saturday concert, which, if comparatively unproductive of novelty, was no less appreciated. Miss Ambler (Mrs Brereton) sang "The Young Nun," of Schubert, and "Thine heart O give me, dearest," Bach—the latter with much feeling; Mr Zerbin, as usual, accompanying. DODINAS.

[The Ghost of Papa Haydn is awaiting Dodinas, at Brussels, armed with scythe and thick Sachs boots—not horns. The Prophet Hydra treads ominously in his footsteps. Beware, young Savage—Beware!—Dr Blidge.]

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

"Yet of the same battle."—Old Quirk.

A new pianist under an old name has been introduced to the audience of the Monday Popular Concerts, to many of whose attentive hearers the name of Pauer must sound familiar enough. Mr Max Pauer, son of Mr Ernst Pauer, is a very young man, but has already given recitals in London, which proves that he does not lack ambition. It was not, however, until quite recently, and in connection with the Popular Concerts, that his name was brought prominently before the public, and his *début* may be said to date from last Monday. Mr Max Pauer made his trial essay before what should be the most critical of audiences with no less a work than Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 110. The least that can be said of the new pianist is that he is clever, has facile fingers, plays no wrong notes, and, in fine, shows that he has been trained in a school worthy of his name and parentage. His success last Monday was indisputable, the audience twice re-calling him to the platform; upon which, for an "encore" ("Encore"—on the platform, too.—Dr Blidge), he gave a Rondo by Beethoven. Furthermore, Mr Max Pauer accompanied Signor Piatti in three (Why not five?) of Schumann's *Stücke im Volkston*; and, with Signor Piatti and Mdme Norman-Néruda, brought the concert to an end by a performance of Mozart's Trio in C major, a promising sign of versatility and liberal taste on the part of the *débutant*.

Last Monday was the occasion for another first appearance at these concerts, the suffrages of the audience being, in this case, solicited by a young lady and vocalist, Mdme Maria de Lido. She possesses an agreeable voice, inclined to be mezzo-soprano, and sings with much taste. Her songs in the first part, by Tschaiakowski and Lassen—that by the Russian composer especially—were charming, and gained her a hearty re-call. In the second part, Mdme de Lido introduced two songs by Mr Goring Thomas, called "Le Bonheur" and "Les Papillons."

While thus pianists and vocalists at the Popular Concerts change continually, the instrumentalists are ever the same. The stringed quartet is the centre of a system around which everything revolves, itself remaining nearly immovable. (Good.—Dr Blidge.) The opening Quartet last Monday was Spohr's in A major, Op. 93—an example most interesting to the lovers of the renowned violinist's music, and one that is evidently a favourite at St James's Hall, seeing this was the sixth time of performance since 1878. We need not say how well it was played by Mdme Néruda, MM. Ries, Holländer, and Piatti. The vocal selections had the advantage of Signor Romili's accompaniment. UREE.

ROYAL COMEDY THEATRE.

The well-known opera comique, *Barbe Bleue*, by Offenbach, was performed last week for the first time at the above theatre, with a success that augurs well for a long lease of public favour. That interest should be revived in a work written nearly twenty years ago for the purpose of providing Parisians with laugh and jest for an hour denotes that it has merit of an unusual kind. Other works by the same composer that in their day were far more highly prized by the public are now hopelessly out of date. More than ordinary courage would be needed to attempt the revival, for instance, of *The Grand Duchess*, which for three years never lost its hold in England, yet *Barbe Bleue*, which in comparison had but slight patronage, still bids fair to secure good fortune. Apparently it is the fate of musical works of this class which obtain phenomenal success to languish and die of sheer prosperity, while those of a supposed tamer and weaker nature are seen to blossom again and again into life. One recommendation which the English version of *Barbe Bleue* offers to those who regard literary skill is that the translation of Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy's libretto was made by that

* 83.—Dr Blidge.

† 83.—Dr Blidge.

scholar, wit, and poet, the late Charles Lamb Kenney, who, preserving to a large extent the lightness and point of the French authors, avoided subjects likely to prove repugnant to English tastes. On the first production of *Barbe Bleue* in Paris, the celebrated M^{me} Schneider "created" the part of Boulotte. When introduced into this country in 1869, by the late Mr John Russell, at the Standard Theatre, Mr Wilford Morgan undertook the part of the *title-rôle*. Afterwards it was produced at the Gaiety and Crystal Palace, under the management of Mr Hollingshead, with the late Miss Julia Matthews as Boulotte, and later on at the Avenue Theatre with a cast in many respects identical with that engaged in last night's performance, which included in the leading parts Miss Florence St John (Boulotte), Mr Henry Bracy (Barbe Bleue), Mr Arthur Roberts (King Bobèche), Mr Frederick Leslie (Popolani), M. Marius—in the absence of Mr Wyatt, suffering from severe indisposition—(Count Oscar), Miss Lottie Venne, M^{lle} Camille Dubois, Mr C. Hunt, and Mr Louis Kelleher. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor, honoured the occasion by their presence. Seldom have we seen an audience more delighted to hear music that must have been familiar to all, as the tunes have been constantly heard in the parks and streets, besides being freely utilized in the ball room. In the first act the auditors generally showed discrimination in allotting applause; but in any case they could not go far wrong, for the music is for the most part quite charming and exhilarating—pitched, as it were, in the very key-note of jollity. Then the performers were favourably known to the public. The entrance of Miss Florence St John was the signal for a special demonstration as she danced upon the stage in the garb and with the gesture and action of a wild rustic lass, free even from the simple restraints that village habits impose. She seemed to enter thoroughly into the fun of the situation, now pursuing with fierce love the frightened shepherd, and then attempting to carry by assault the cottage in which he had taken shelter. Having a voice of rare compass and good quality, Miss St John imparted to the solos and concerted music all the freedom and force demanded for the full prominence of the part, gaining an encore for the song "See how all those pretty hussies." In the scene where, by order of Barbe Bleue, the village maidens cast lots who shall be made the "rose queen," the action of the *prima donna* becoming still more and more energetic, one became conscious that the part was a little overdone—the borderland separating comedy from farce had been passed. Mr Frederick Leslie is in every way qualified to fill the part of Popolani, having a voice suited to the music. He gained an encore for the rondo, "List to the order so stern," and acted as the envoy of Barbe Bleue with not a little mock gravity, which quality, unfortunately, he did not at all times preserve, for, lapsing into unwonted familiarity with the audience, and indulging in a queer squeak which he took for original comic "business," he let a fine opportunity for showing how well he could assume old comedy characters slip by. To Mr Henry Bracy was allotted the important part of Barbe Bleue, and a handsome wife-killer he presented. In enumerating his qualities, a certain easy manner should not be overlooked, neither should the agreeable nature of his voice be unrecognized. Were he to omit the roulades and cadences which bother him now in the delivery of his music, he would probably find, on future occasions, the effect very beneficial. Throughout the whole of the first act the composer, Offenbach, was never out of reach, and his strains never ceased to charm the public; but in the second act other influences entirely overpowered the music, which was lost in the boisterous hilarity caused by the comicalities of Mr Arthur Roberts, who played the part of King Bobèche. His appearance was really sufficient to drive out other considerations, and then his prolonged drolleries kept the house in a constant roar of laughter, drowning even the loudest of orchestral themes. Although the humour entirely fulfilled its purpose, and will undoubtedly be a source of attraction, yet we question the advisability of allowing no bounds whatever to "gag." Certainly the translator, Mr Charles Lamb Kenney, never dreamed his work would be so overweighted with absurdities. M. Marius enacted the part of Count Oscar with the easy confidence that comes from a long and successful stage-career, and Mr Louis Kelleher, as Prince Sapphire, sang and acted with the ability he usually displays. A good singer and graceful actress was found in the person of Miss Lottie Venne (Fleurlette), and M^{lle} Camille Dubois as Queen Clementina fulfilled every requirement. The band, under the direction of M. van Biele, efficiently performed its duties.—L. T.

The Penzance Choral Society propose commemorating the bi-centenary of Handel, 1885, by giving a grand performance on Easter Monday, April 6th. Three of the great composer's works have been selected, viz., *Utrecht Jubilate*, *Zadok the Priest*, and *Ode on St Cecilia's Day*.

MADAME MARIE ROZE AT HOME.

(Concluded from page 39.)

The Franco-German war brought a necessary and painful pause in Marie Roze's brilliant career. The world of Paris, shut up prisoners in their beautiful city, and with besieging armies thundering at the gates, had little heart for music or for the drama. Marie Roze left the stage and devoted herself during the days of the siege, and the terrible reign of the Commune which followed it, to the duty of nursing her sick and wounded countrymen, herself organizing an ambulance, receiving in recognition of her services the Geneva Cross, and a diploma of thanks in name of grateful France from M. Thiers and General M^{ahon}. Not till Paris was free did Marie Roze return to the stage. She now made a tour of the principal European capitals, which was something like a triumphal progress. Fourteen years ago, when barely twenty, she made her first appearance in this country, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in *Faust*, when her success was so complete that she was at once offered a five years' engagement by Mr Mapleson, of whose son, Col. Mapleson, she subsequently became the wife.

On the conclusion of her engagement with Mr Mapleson, Marie Roze proceeded upon a lengthened American tour, and which extended from 1877 till within a year ago. The verdict of the Old World upon the great French singer was fully endorsed by the New. Its illustrious poet, Longfellow, was in the habit of corresponding with her until a few weeks of his death, and one of the latest poems he composed was entitled "Marie Roze."

As we had heard her singing in a rude village church in the Auvergne Mountains, so when in America, Marie Roze seems to have regarded her voice as a Heaven-sent gift designed to shed gladness all around her. She sang to the convicts at various penal stations, and at Auburn Prison an old forger of bank-notes was allowed in return to exercise his skill in an illuminated address, with some verses of his own composition, and this characteristic inscription:—"In their prayers the poor convicts at Auburn Prison will ever remember that angel of goodness, Marie Roze, who by her heavenly voice did bless and comfort them." The only signature to the address was: "An unworthy offering from unworthy men."

On the death of the great German *prima donna*, Therese Tietjens, Marie Roze succeeded naturally to the place left vacant by that distinguished artist.

Beyond rivalry and dispute she is the best exponent of the music of the French and German schools, as is Adelina Patti of the purely Italian school. She has graces of person not possessed by Tietjens—no considerable element in the success of a popular singer—while she is endowed with social qualities which have gained for her the friendship of a host of names distinguished in literature and art during the last fifteen years. Nothing, perhaps, testifies to the affectionate esteem in which Marie Roze has been held by men and women of whose friendship any artist may well be proud, than the large and valuable collection of autograph portraits which she possesses. The cordial words inscribed upon very many of them show that she was considered by the writers to be not only an artist worthy to be honoured, but what, perhaps, she values more highly, a woman worthy to be esteemed and loved. Many European sovereigns have done homage to her as the queen of song when she visited their capitals, and with our own Royal Family she is an especial favourite. She has sung before the Queen at Osborne, receiving a handsome memento of the occasion from her Majesty. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at her first appearance in London as Carmen, while the Duke of Edinburgh has frequently shown his admiration of her talent by playing for her in public the violin *obligato* to Gounod's "Ave Maria;" and as recently as last autumn, when in command of the Channel fleet at Queenstown, the Royal Admiral entertained Marie Roze and her husband at luncheon on board the flagship, *The Minotaur*. The Prime Minister, too, is one of Marie Roze's warmest friends and admirers. Not only is she a welcome guest in Downing Street, but there is a story current that one night Mr Gladstone was unaccountably absent from an important debate in the House of Commons, and the cause was not discovered till the next morning's papers announced that he had been spending the time much more agreeably—possibly also more profitably—quietly ensconced in a box at Drury Lane, an entranced listener at one of the earlier representations of *Carmen*.

M^{me} Marie Roze is at present the "bright particular star" of opera in the native tongue, singing in English nearly all the operas of the grand *répertoire*, including *Mefistofele*, *Faust*, *Favorita*, *Fidelio*, *Trovatore*, *Carmen*, *Mignon*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, &c. We believe that early in May she will appear in London as Manon, in Massenet's opera of that name. It is a singular coincidence that Massenet was on the jury of musicians when Marie Roze won her first prize at the Conservatoire in Paris; and has not only rewritten some of the opera in accordance with the wishes of the old pupil on

whom he then sat in judgment, but has specially composed a new aria for her to sing in *Manon*. Mdmé Marie Roze has been too seldom heard in London of recent years. The English lyric stage has been associated with many of her greatest triumphs, while her English marriage seems to make her almost half our own. Let us hope that for many years to come she may continue to delight us with her song; and live even to witness the much-to-be-desired foundation of an English National School of Music.

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WAIFS.

Reyer's *Sigurd* has been well received in Lyons.
Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* has been well received at Messina.
The Théâtre-Italien, Paris (limited), has been declared bankrupt.
Elena Russell has terminated her successful engagement in Warsaw.
Elena Russell has appeared in *Faust*, *La Traviata*, and *Rigoletto*, at Lemberg.
The Casino Municipal, Nice, has failed for 12,000,000 francs; assets 3,000,000.
Goula has given up the post of conductor at the Teatro del Buen Retiro, Barcelona.
A new comic, artistic, and theatrical paper, *Il Pompiere*, has been published in Rome.
Louise Pyk, from the Theatre Royal, Stockholm, is singing at concerts in New York.
The subscription list at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, amounts this season to 270,000 liras.
Christine Nilsson has been making a short stay in Paris. (Incredible!—Dr Blügel.)
Mdmé Sachse-Hofmeister has been re-engaged for six years at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.
Danesi is superintending the production of his ballet, *Messalina*, at the Eden-Théâtre, Paris.
According to *The Musical Courier*, New York, Mdmé Albani will not visit America this season.
According to report, another circus-theatre, to be called the Argus, will shortly be erected in Lisbon.
L'Elisir d'amore, with Teodorini, Massini, Battistini, and Baldelli, is underlined at the Teatro Real, Madrid.
The local papers speak favourably of the tenor Massenet in *Robert le Diable* at the Teatro della Pergola, Florence.
Athos, the baritone, is engaged at the Teatro Bellini, Palermo, and will make his first appearance in *Il Trovatore*.
Ossian, a symphonic poem, music by Flégier, words by his sister, Blanche Flégier, has been performed at Marseilles.
Théodore Dubois' *Ben Hamet*, lately produced at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, is announced for performance in Liège.
A number of wealthy foreigners in Lima intend thoroughly repairing the Teatro Odeon, now in a ruinous condition.
The tenor Stagno has, in consequence of illness, been confined to his bed, and unable to appear at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.
A. Filippi is translating into German the libretto of Catalani's *Dejanice*, with a view to that opera being performed in Germany.
Gayarre has volunteered his services at any performance or concert organized for the benefit of the sufferers by the earthquakes in Spain.
Mr Mapleson's Italian opera season in Boston (U. S.) was not a profitable one. The houses were by no means large even on Patti nights.

Rigoletto will shortly be performed, with Gargano, Sani, and Kaschmann in the leading characters, at the Teatro San Carlo, Naples.

The Tschampa-Gallowitsch First Austrian Ladies' Quartet have started on a fresh tour through Germany and Holland. They finish in Paris.

The King of Bavaria has conferred the Ludwig Medal for Art and Science on Siehr, member of the operatic company at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Edwin Schultz, composer and director of the Men's Choral Association, Berlin, has been created honorary member of a similar body in Strassburgh.

Salvatore Pinto, member of the orchestra at the Teatro San Carlo, and professor of the violin at the Conservatory of Music, Naples, died a short time since.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has, in consequence, it is said, of the unsatisfactory manner in which it was rendered, proved a failure at the Teatro della Fenice, Venice.

Francesco Paolo Tosti has been making a short stay in Milan, but will soon leave for Rome, if he has not already done so. [That would be deplorable!—Dr Blügel.]

Next March, Lamoureux with his Orchestra, will give a "Grand Festival" at Lille, and, the day following, another at Roubaix, with a totally different programme.

Zuelli, in consequence of his time being fully occupied, is unable to accept the post of director of the Philharmonic Institute and of chapelmaster of the Cathedral, Adria.

Friedrich-Materna made her first appearance this season in New York at the Metropolitan Operahouse on the 5th inst., when she impersonated Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser*.

Military bands, except the band of the first regiment of engineers, and that of the first regiment of artillery, have been abolished in the Spanish army, by order of the Minister of War.

On his last appearance at the Brussels Popular Concerts, Sarasate played a new Concerto written by Emile Bernard, organist at the Church of Saint-Jean and Saint-François, Paris.

There is some talk of giving M. Reyer's *Sigurd* at the Paris Grand Opera, with Caron as Bruneilde, of which part she was the original representative at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

Fred. Archer speaks highly of a Concertstück for Violin and Orchestra by Dr Damrosch, performed at the first of the New York Symphony Concerts, M. Ovide Musin being the violinist.

The report that Carlo Gomes intends bringing out his new opera, *Lo Schiavo*, first in Brazil, is publicly contradicted. The work will probably be first performed at Milan. (Happy Milan.—Dr Blügel.)

A "Testimonial Concert" was given to M. Ovide Musin by the Brooklyn (U. S.) Academy of Music on the 10th inst., Mdmé Fursch-Madi, Mdmé Madeline Schiller, and Herr Adolph Robinson taking part in it.

The Cincinnati *Courier* says that "the so-called critics of the New York daily press are, as a class, impudent, ignorant, and venal," adding: "Archer exposes their ignorance mercilessly, and is doing thereby honest, manly service."

Next summer Buenos Ayres will have Italian Opera at the Teatro Municipal; Italian *buffo* opera at the Politeama; a *Zarzuela* company at the Teatro Nacional; French opera at the Operahouse; and French operettas at the Eden Argentino.

Affairs wear a somewhat serious aspect at the Teatro San Carlo, Naples. The singers were recently hissed in *La Forza del Destino*, and the subscribers declare they will have neither *Carmen* nor the ballet, *Rodope*, both of which are announced.

Angelo Neumann has appointed Bote and Bock, the well-known music publishers, Berlin, his business agents, to whom all requests for permission to perform the *Nibelungen-Tetralogie* must in future be made. (This is an advertisement.—Dr Blügel.)

After receiving an advance of 650 florins to appear as a lady-rider at Suhr's Circus, the Princess Pignatelli, of Café-Chantant celebrity in Paris, accepted an engagement at a similar establishment in Prague, but the police have forbidden her fulfilling it.

"Well, and how are we to-day?" inquired the physician, "Has the medicine I prescribed done us good? Do we feel strong enough to make a little journey?" "I do not know about a little journey, doctor," replied the patient, "but I think the medicine has fited me for a long one—a journey to the next world." (This anecdote is as new as a green fig.—Dr Blügel.)

Ah! music lived in the Old Land then,
When love made hearts, and hearts made men,
And men wrought deeds again and again,
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12. Fagot-binders' Chorus	"	Gounod 4d.
13. Sylvan Hours (for six female voices)	Joseph Robinson	6d.
14. The Gipsy Chorus	"	Balfe 4d.
15. Ave Maria	"	Arcadelt 1d.
16. Hark! the herald angels sing. S.A.T.B.	Mendelssohn	1d.
17. England yet (Solo and Chorus). S.A.T.B.	Sir J. Benedict	2d.
18. The Shepherd's Sabbath Day. S.A.T.B.	J. L. Hutton	2d.
19. Thoughts of Childhood. S.A.T.B.	Henry Smart	2d.
20. Spring's Return. S.A.T.B.	"	2d.
21. An old Church Song. S.A.T.B.	"	2d.
22. Sabbath Bells. S.A.T.B.	"	2d.
23. Serenade. S.A.T.B.	"	2d.
24. Cold Autumn wind. S.A.T.B.	"	2d.
25. Orpheus with his lute. S.S.S.	Bennett Gilbert	2d.
26. Lullaby. S.A.A.	"	1d.
27. This is my own, my native land. S.A.T.B.	Sir G. A. Macfarren	1d.
28. March of the Men of Harlech. S.A.T.B.	Dr Rimbault	2d.
29. God save the Queen. S.A.T.B.	"	1d.
30. Rule, Britannia. S.A.T.B.	"	1d.
31. The Retreat. T.T.B.B.	L. de Rille	2d.
32. Lo! morn is breaking. S.S.S.	Cherubini	2d.
33. We are spirits. S.S.S.	Sir G. A. Macfarren	2d.
34. Market Chorus (<i>Masaniello</i>). S.A.T.B.	Auber	4d.
35. The Prayer (<i>Masaniello</i>). S.A.T.B.	"	1d.
36. The Water Sprites. S.A.T.B.	Kücken	2d.
37. Eve's glittering star. S.A.T.B.	"	2d.
38. When first the primrose. S.A.T.B.	"	2d.
39. O dewdrop bright. S.A.T.B.	"	1d.
40. Sanctus from the <i>Messe Solenne</i> . S.A.T.B.	Rossini	4d.
41. Nine Kyries, Ancient and Modern	Gill	2d.
42. Sun of my soul. S.A.T.B.	Brinley Richards	2d.
43. 'Twas fancy and the ocean's spray. S.A.T.B.	G. A. Osborne	2d.
44. A Prayer for those at Sea. S.A.T.B.	"	2d.
45. O Thou, Whose power (Prayer from <i>Mosé in Egitto</i>)	Rossini	2d.
46. The Guard on the Rhine. S.A.T.B.	Sir G. A. Macfarren	1d.
47. The German Fatherland. S.A.T.B.	"	1d.
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50. Te Deum in F.	Nares	2d.
51. Charity (La Carità). S.S.S.	Rossini	4d.
52. Cordella. A.T.T.B.	G. A. Osborne	4d.
53. I know. S.A.T.B.	Walter Hay	2d.
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56. The Red-Cross Knight	Dr Calcott	2d.
57. The Chough and Crow	Sir H. R. Bell	2d.
58. The "Carnovale"	"	2d.
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69. Once I loved a maiden fair	"	1d.
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71. The Oak and the Ash	"	1d.
72. Heart of Oak	"	1d.
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74. May. S.A.T.B.	W. F. Banks	2d.
75. Pure, lovely innocence (<i>Il Re di Lahore</i>), Chorus for female voices	J. Massenet	4d.
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89. Love reigneth over all. T.T.B.B.	C. G. Elsäusser	6d.
90. Joy Waltz. T.T.B.B.	"	6d.
91. The Star of Bethlehem (Christmas Carol)	Theodor L. Clemens	2d.
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